Deception

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Deception

by RoswellSmokingWoman

Summary

SEASON 2 AU A/B/O Dynamics

With Will freed of his charges, he and Jack devise a plan to ensnare Hannibal Lecter. Will becomes Hannibal's lover in an attempt to gain a confession from the Chesapeake Ripper. Ignoring his own love-hate of the Doctor, Will fails to ask himself: how far will he fall before he realizes that it's Hannibal who's trapped him instead?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

With the Chesapeake Ripper back, Will is free from his charges. He questions why the alpha, Hannibal, had allowed the Ripper to resurface. He believes, at first, that it's because Hannibal can't bear the thought of another taking credit for his mastery. Ultimately, Hannibal is incapable of letting is artistry die; he is too proud. Will could not think of an alternative to this conclusion.

Free from his charges, Will convinces Jack that they must catch Hannibal. And so, they begin to scheme; Jack is aware that Hannibal and Alana had been seeing each other for some time. But Will knows that Hannibal doesn't want Alana; Hannibal had simply used her as revenge. And so, Will tells Jack that Hannibal must feel lonely; lonely enough to want for an Omega. Not just any omega, however. The omega which is trying to catch him—Will knows that Hannibal wants him above all else. And so, Jack agrees to let Will capture Hannibal's heart in order to gain a confession from the Ripper.

It happens at one of their sessions, Will sitting across from Hannibal. Will had taken himself off of suppressants too make his scent more *appetizing*. He watches as the man sitting across from his shifts in his seat uncomfortably; it's obvious that Hannibal, who is normally in a state of complete control, finds it difficult to stay composed around Will.

"Do you want to kill me now?" Hannibal asks Will, a wry smile on his face.

Will shakes his head—no. "Not when I've just begun to find you interesting," Will replies.

Hannibal licks his lips at the words, satisfied. "You find me interesting?"

"I see you, Hannibal," Will responds. "I see the monster that hides behind those eyes. Do you feel lonely being you? You must want someone who understands you."

"Why do you say I'm lonely? I could say the same for you, constantly dipping your feet into other's minds but never quite finding home."

"Does Alana satisfy you, Hannibal?" Will is forward now and takes a sip of the whiskey that Hannibal had poured him before their session. "Does she see you?"

Hannibal looks away, laughing. Tension sits in the air between them. "My relationship with Alana is not something we should be talking about. We're here to talk about you."

"Deflecting, are we, Dr. Lecter?" Will stands from his seat and walks to the Doctor and bends down so his face his hovering above Hannibal's. "Tell me, do you think of me when you dip your alpha cock into her little hole?"

Hannibal's mouth crashes over Will's; the case if violent, hungry even. Hannibal melts at the taste of Will, finally confirming his suspicion that Will was quite possible more

delicious that anything Hannibal had ever tasted.

"You're a tease," Hannibal mutters against Will's mouth.

Will tells himself that his enthusiasm is just for show; that his reaction to Hannibal's touches are necessary in order to have Hannibal fall into his trap. But as slick forms a pool between his legs, Will melts into an ecstasy he had never encountered before.

Neither of the men notice when Alana opens the door, finding Hannibal sitting on his desk and Will straddling him. They only part when Alana shouts, but she leaves when she sees the unashamed look on Hannibal's face, slamming the door behind her.

Hannibal turns back to Will who eyes are pooled with lust. He places his hand on Will's cheek, stroking it gently with his thumb. "What made you change your mind?" Hannibal asks Will.

"I finally saw you," Will responds. He knows that above all, Hannibal wants to be seen, accepted. "How you were always meant to be seen."

"My sweet omega," Hannibal whispers, reclaiming Will's lips. "I've missed you."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I don't know how to explain myself. But I just had to write this even though finals week approaches.

Chapter 2

Precisely two days later, Will finds himself in Hannibal's home. Hannibal had made a great effort in making a dinner for Will. He serves Will bœuf à la Bourguignonne and between the two of them they emptied a bottle of wine as they dined.

Hannibal smiled as he spoke to Will, telling Will some of his inner thoughts that he wouldn't share with others—not normally. "Who are we eating today?" Will asks him teasingly.

"A testy bull," Hannibal responds.

"I want to see how you do it," Will say suddenly, unprompted. As Will says the words, he realizes it's not just for evidence. Will truly desires to see Hannibal's work. He imagines Hannibal's strong arms cracking bones and working swiftly to pose his victims. Will imagines Hannibal taking a small snack for himself in the middle of the process, a juicy morsel to motivate him to work harder, faster, better. Will wants to see all of this, he wants to smash his lips over Hannibal's blood-stained mouth and taste the metallic twang on his tongue. Will hadn't thought of Hannibal this way before, but he couldn't deny the sexual attraction he felt to the killer. It thrilled him endlessly. And why shouldn't he enjoy this, too? Why couldn't Will enjoy taking every bit of Hannibal? It was no longer simply about revenge for Will. It was about pure indulgence now. And Will feels right thinking about capturing Hannibal in this way, because Hannibal too is an indulgent man.

"All in good time," Hannibal responds. "We're in no rush. And other things need to be done before all of that." Hannibal reaches across the table and places his hand over Will's, squeezing it lightly. "I do believe it's time for dessert."

"Would you like some help?" Will asks him, getting ready to stand from the table.

Hannibal shakes his head, "No, today I'm spoiling you. Just sit tight, and I'll be back in a moment." Hannibal returns a few minutes later with two pink crème-brûlées. Hannibal takes a blow torch and toasts the sugar into a hard shell in front of them. He watches the fire's reflection in Will's eyes. "A twist on crème-brûlée. I hope you enjoy it."

Will taps his spoon on the top of the dessert, listening to it crack. Pure decadence hits his tongue, and while he knows it's made with human's blood, Will cannot deny its perfection. Hannibal smiles when he sees the satisfaction on Will's face. "Delicious," Will whispers.

When they finish, Hannibal opens a bottle of pink champagne for them and pours a generous portion into two champagne flutes. "I've been saving this bottle for a special occasion."

"What occasion would that be?" Will asks Hannibal innocently.

Revealing nothing, Hannibal leads Will to the long couch in the room adjacent to the dining room. The sit next to each other, and Hannibal places his hand on Will's knee. "I would like to mate you," Hannibal tells him plainly.

Will sees then the struggle in Hannibal's eyes; how Hannibal is holding back the urge even now. Will hesitates; this was not something which Will had thought would be a part of the rouse. He muses, how it would affect them. But if Will were to say no now, Hannibal might be hurt and would retaliate. Will leans in and kisses Hannibal softly.

Hannibal deepens the kiss but part from Will eventually. He looks at Will, know the man is calculating. Weighing the pros and the cons. "I want no one else," Hannibal tells Will. "I knew long ago that you were the only omega I would ever want. So unique. Strong, independent, intelligent. Unafraid." Hannibal says these things to Will, knowing that Will had never heard them from anyone before and certainly Will had never told himself any of these things before either. Will never thought of himself in any way other than as an outsider, as someone on the edge of humanity looking in.

And Will, Will does feel wanted. For the first time, he sits across from someone who doesn't want to push him away or label him as unstable and insane. No, Hannibal sees in him a like mind. It's enticing. Will almost wants to accept. And yet… "Isn't it too soon?" He finally offers.

"That is a valid response," Hannibal begins. "We have only just rebounded from revenge. This is a change. One I'm ready for and have been for quite some time. But it's new for you, isn't it?"

Will knows he cannot accept Hannibal's sweet manipulations. Will knows that mating, that bonding would be dangerous. There was more risk to Will as an omega than there was to Hannibal. "I've only come upon the realization recently," Will agrees. "That I only hated you so strongly because of how strongly I care about you. Our friendship was always something more, something teetering on the brink of intimacy."

Hannibal is overjoyed at these words; he wants to believe that Will means them all. But Hannibal is suspicious of Will, of his sudden change of mind. He plans to test him endlessly, to test Will's commitment. A bond between them would solidify which side of the line Will stood on. Hannibal is incapable of sharing Will; he is not the type to share that which he cherishes.

“If you need more time, I am nothing if not patient,” Hannibal offers. “I would wait for you.” But this was only half true. Hannibal would wait only as long as it suited him. He knew in every interaction with Will, the scent of betrayal lingered in the air. Hannibal loves the unpredictability; their outcome is not yet written. He can still mold and shape Will to his liking. Even Will, who believes that he has chosen a path really had not. Will was, if nothing else, just begin to make his real choices. Hannibal would try his best to exert some influence in those choices.

Will feels nauseated, like fluttering in his stomach. It’s shocking to hear this softness come from Hannibal’s lips. “You’ve already been waiting this long.” But Will bends in and kisses Hannibal again, this time more passionately.

Hannibal quickly pins Will underneath him and presses love bites against Will’s neck, “I would mark you here,” he breathes against Will’s neck. He licks the spot above Will’s scent gland teasingly. “I would claim you over and over until the scar became so deep, it would never be able to fade.”

Hannibal’s hand reaches down, and he rubs Will’s cock through his pants. “I’d love nothing more than to pleasure you.”

Will lets a moan escape from his mouth, feeling warm slick running down between his thighs. He feels himself crumbling underneath Hannibal, succumbing to his baser urges towards the alpha who he finds attractive above everyone else. His inner omega wants to be claimed, Will is sure. He wants to be defiled by this cruel, sadistic man. He wants Hannibal’s claws and teeth sunk into him so deeply that Will would feel conjoined with Hannibal. He’s so buried in the image Will cannot separate himself from it. He opens his eyes to see Hannibal, a monster who slowly captures him whole. He’s beautiful to Will in that moment.

Will purses his lips then, and finally lets out in a half-beg, half-command, “Mate me now.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Hannibal takes Will to bed, only things don't end up they way Will expects.

Chapter Notes

I finished my last final--which means I had to write some Hannigram smut immediately to de-stress. I'm despicable. Irredeemable. And...unashamed. ;)

Chapter 3

"The champagne won't be for naught, then," Hannibal mumbles into the side of Will's neck. "Let me do this properly," Hannibal tells him adoringly. He takes Will by the hand and leads him through the hallways of his home, and for Will Hannibal's bedroom feels achingly far away.

Hannibal looks at Will when he opens the door of the bedroom, checking for any sign of doubt. But Will is confident, his eyes pleading for Hannibal to brush away the courtesy for once. Will wants to be ravished, lust plastered on his face. Will lunges towards Hannibal, burying his hands in Hannibal's hair. The kiss is wild, animalistic. Will doesn't hold back as he slips his tongue into Hannibal's mouth, tasting every bit of the alpha.

Will wonders, almost morbidly, if all cannibals tasted so delicious. Hannibal's tongue, having touched so much human flesh tastes almost godly against Will's mouth. Will's knees buckle at the thought, at the thought of how strong his alpha was. Yes, Will knows he calls Hannibal, *his alpha*. He wants Hannibal to be his: only his to claim, to torture and torment until the end of eternity. How beautiful it would be, Will sending Hannibal to the pits of hell only to bring him out again over and over. Will's mind spins. It's exhilarating for him.

Hannibal accepts Will's eagerness greedily. He had always thought that it would take Will years to come to Hannibal, a long-drawn-out tango until ultimately Hannibal would win. He imaged the years of cat-and-mouse they would play, Hannibal edging on the brink of catching his omega only for him to scurry away, a wicked smile on his face. This seems almost too easy, too unlike Will. He wonders if he should distrust Will's eagerness—but why would Will give himself to Hannibal fully like this? Will wouldn't be so reckless, if his intentions were to betray Hannibal.

Hannibal pushes Will onto the bed, savoring the sight of the panting omega before him. “Strip for me,” Hannibal instructs.

“Only if you do the same. We will be equals in this,” Will responds forcefully. And so, piece by piece, they strip themselves of their clothing. Hannibal matches Will’s pace, and they look into each other eyes.

Will shuffles further back on the bed, away from Hannibal. Wordlessly, he tells Hannibal, “Come and get me.” Hannibal crawls onto the bed with force and positions himself over Will. His eyes tell Will that he will dominate him; he wants Will’s willing submission now. The time for equals would come again, when Will emerges from their coupling. Now will would be fully possessed.

Will takes Hannibal’s hand and places it over his aching hole, wet with slick. “Do you see how I need you?” Will tells. Will feels as if he’s in a trance, saying things which he never imagined he would say. And yet he cannot deny that he means these words, down to his core. They sound right leaving his mouth, dirty and wanton. Yes, he wants to be defiled by this man. He wants Hannibal’s evil to seep under his skin so he could feel it, so he could drink up Hannibal’s energy and feel one with the man he’s hated for so long. He wants to see, all of Hannibal.

“Good things come to those who wait,” Hannibal responds, removing his hand from Will’s begging hole. Will groans in frustration, but Hannibal places a kiss on Will’s forehead. “I will taste every part of your body before I have you. You won’t deny me.” Hannibal then begins pressing kisses down the Wills’ neck, licks and nibbles at Will’s earlobes.

“I may die here on this bed, underneath you. Waiting, my virgin hole untouched,” Will whispers to Hannibal.

“You’ve been with someone,” Hannibal mumbles into Will’s scent gland.

“Only women, betas. No man, no alpha has had me. You will be the first,” Will tells him.

Hannibal looks up at Will, and from Will’s eyes he sees that Will is telling the truth. Will couldn’t lie to him, not completely. Which is why, evening in taking Will, Hannibal knows that he truly does not have Will. Will chose to mate Hannibal, but not to be his in everything. Will was still loyal to the social institutions of good and right that he’s been led to believe, Hannibal knew this. And yet, in Hannibal’s love and impulsivity he can’t resist what Will is offering. His must have him, and this would be the first way he would take Will. He would take Will bit by bit until he captures him whole, above all Will’s loyalty would be the crowning piece. His heart beats hard in his chest, realizing the true meaning of what Will is giving to him.

“You’re so special to me, Will,” Hannibal tells him.

Will becomes bewildered by Hannibal’s words. He lets himself fall into ecstasy as he feels Hannibal’s tongue enter his needy hole. Moments pass, feeling as if they’re an eternity in pleasure. “Hannibal,” he moans out on the brink of coming, but Hannibal stops.

Hannibal stares at the swollen, pink lips surrounding Will's hole, right beneath Will's aching cock. He puts Will's cock in his mouth then, expertly teasing the tip of it. He looks Will in the eyes as he sucks him, telling him, "This is mine, you are mine," with the unspoken language of his eyes.

"Please," Will begs. "I need you now."

Hannibal can't do much else than oblige his omega. He comes up to Will's face, his lips hovering above Will's. "You will choose me, then? Now and always?" Hannibal asks him. He needs an answer, one that will tell Hannibal that even in whatever ways Will may betray him after this day, he will always come back to him.

Will nods, gulping.

"I need to hear the words."

"I'm yours," Will tells him. "Yours."

Hannibal inserts his cock into Will, and Will dips his head back at the sensation. He's never felt so full before, the size of Hannibal alpha cock making Will feel dizzy. "Hannibal, you're so, I feel so full with you," Will manages to moan out.

Hannibal laughs against Will's cheek and begins to thrust slowly. Will arches into him, wanting to be ever closer. He wants to feel fused to Hannibal, inseparable. Will blinks as he watches Hannibal thrust into him wildly, increasing the pace and intensity.

But before him Hannibal transform. His skin turns onyx like the dead of night, and his eyes inky black. Horns sprout from his head. The chiseled beast rides Will, and Will screams out in pleasure. This is it—his monster. The ripper uncorrupted, stripped of his humanity and guise.

"Mate me, take me now," Will commands Hannibal.

But Hannibal's teeth, hovering over Will's neck, don't bite down. Instead, Hannibal comes into Will's hole, his knot swelling uncontrollably. Will comes at the feeling of Hannibal's knot stretching him farther than he ever imagined possible.

Hannibal lays on top of Will, panting. He strokes Will's hair gently, pressing a kiss onto his mouth. "You're divine," Hannibal tells him.

Will feels tears threaten to escape his eyes, his heart heavy. He is unclaimed, almost rejected. He wishes he could push Hannibal off of him now, but they would be attached like this for the next several minutes until Hannibal's knot would deflate.

"You didn't mate me," Will whispers brokenly into Hannibal's ear.

"I wanted to respect your wishes. You said you wanted time. I will give you time, so you can think clearly."

Will's omega sobs within him, rejected. He knows that Hannibal's logic is a favor to him, that Hannibal's cooler head had saved Will from self-destruction. But goddamnit, Will wanted to be destroyed by Hannibal Lecter in that moment more than anything. He would kill for Hannibal to show him how he wanted to be eviscerated and consumed whole by him. Will had never felt more dangerous than in this moment.

However, Will nods, knowing that passed the lustful haze, he would be thankful for this. That without attachment to Hannibal he could resume his plan. Hannibal would only need to think that Will was on his side for long enough. Hannibal catches the flicker of fire in Will's eyes, a distrustful flame. He would watch his cunning omega closely. Will would not have the upper hand over him.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

> The semester is starting again tomorrow. Which means I'll have plenty of time to avoid doing my coursework and write fanfiction instead. A little something for now.

Will ignores the heavy ache in the pit of his stomach with each day. He ignores the feeling of self loathing and filth that's piled up. But most of all, he ignores the fire that ignites in his core whenever he sees Hannibal. He buries this the deepest and doesn't let it show. What he shows Hannibal instead, is a fraction of this. A farce.

As time passes, Jack grows skeptical of Will. The plan, though yielding results, is risky. Will's omega status and Hannibal's alpha status worries Jack. He's even more worried by the draw Will feel towards Hannibal. In his office, sitting across from Will, Jack takes a deep breath.

"How can I be sure who's side you're on?" Jack asks him.

"You can't. You have to trust me when I say I'm on your side," Will responds calmly.

"Just as Hannibal has to trust that you're on his. And so, you have to play one of us. Who's your opponent?"

Will laughs. The game isn't so simple. The opponent isn't Jack nor Hannibal. No, Will's opponent is himself. Jack couldn't realize this, not until after the game is over. "Isn't it obvious that we're on the same side here, Jack? Whatever our motives, our differences—we want the same thing in the end. We want to see Hannibal locked away for a long time."

Jack nods at this. This feels like a better truth. He's satisfied for now. "You said you needed to go deeper for this to work."

Will nods. "I need to fake a pregnancy. I need Hannibal to think he can trust me. He won't believe it unless I give him a child. That's what Abigail was, before. A child. A devotion. It's what he wants most."

"And how do you plan on doing that?"

"A few donuts and some hormone-laced cocktail of a cologne. It'll be enough to get passed the first trimester—or whatever—and by then Hannibal will tell me everything. He'll be elated. He'll maybe even do more risky things. A last hurrah, before taking a break from the Chesapeake Ripper. It'll be our last chance."

Jack purses his lips together, thinking. “What if Hannibal finds out you’re lying?” Jack asks him. “What’s your plan then?”

“That’s not an option. This will work. He’ll lower his guard, if only for a moment. We’ll have what we need. And as his concerned mate I’ll come to you. And you’ll have all you need to take him into custody.”

“Mate?” Jack asks.

Will gulps. “We aren’t mated yet. But I suspect Hannibal will want to try soon.” He lies because it would be easier for Jack if he didn’t know. “I can’t refuse him, not for too long. This is a risk we have to take.”

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The weeks pass and Will hides the slight curve of his belly. He moves away from Hannibal when he touches him. At night in bed, Will reason with himself that it’s better to act is if he’s hiding the weight gain. But he knows this is a lie. He’s not hiding because of some little curve of his belly.

He’s hiding because his neck is bare, unmarked. He hides because he hasn’t brought up the topic of bonding since that night. Their first night together. Hannibal holds on to Will as they lay in bed, kissing the back of his neck—Will pretends to be asleep. Hannibal whispers words of adoration and praise to his lover. He tells him of his dreams for them, of all the places he would take Will. Of the family he imagines they’ll have one day. Will wonders if Hannibal knows he’s pretending to be asleep.

And as Will listens to the words tonight, he feels fragile. A teacup on the edge of a table. Teetering. Trapeze of an affair.

Hannibal. That force that tips him over—

Will listens.

“When we bond I’ll take you around the world. To the places of my childhood. Where I once imagined Mischa next to me, I’ll take you. To the art museums and the opera, you’ll be on my arm.” Hannibal promises him the moon and the stars. Will wishes he could hold these in his hands, that they could be tangible things. Hannibal’s breath dances on the back of Will’s neck for a seconds before Hannibal presses a kiss next to the bonding site. Will whimpers out, shifting away.

“I thought you were sleeping,” Hannibal says then. Filling the silence.

“I’ve been listening for weeks,” Will tells him then. Hannibal moves closer to Will, wrapping his arm around Will’s abdomen but Will shifts away.

“You don’t need to hide. I find you beautiful, love,” Hannibal offers.

Will thinks he should tell him now. But he can’t. He wants to know something else. He wants to believe it’s a part of the act. “Why didn’t you bond with me after?”

“I was waiting for you. I want to respect you.”

Will wants to laugh at the irony. Where had the respect been so long ago, when Will sat in a cell and Hannibal stood a free man on the other side? “You have never respected me,” Will spits back angrily. He doesn’t mean to, but he can’t help the words coming from his mouth. They’ve been held back for too long. “You've hid in a Trojan horse your whole life.”

“I was trying to make you understand. I’ve hurt you, I know. But I saved you when I realized—”

“Realized what?” Will spits back, sitting up from the bed.

“I’d be starving.”

“For me. My company.” Will’s voice breaks as he rubs his hands over his face.

Hannibal nods. “I’m careful to not make mistakes twice. I won’t let you go, now.”

“I’m pregnant,” Will tells him. The lie is cruel; he wants it to hurt Hannibal then. He wants the eventual truth to tumble out like a pile of daggers. He wants the hurt to cut through Hannibal’s flesh and burn. He understands Hannibal’s hunger in that moment, his desire to eat human flesh. To taste those feelings—Will would give anything. To taste the pain on Hannibal’s flesh.

Hannibal smiles, placing a hand over the soft bump of Will’s stomach. “Mylimasis,” Hannibal whispers. “Would you let me bond with you tonight?”

Will imagines the fire burn before his eyes, wendigo standing in the center. It melts in the heat of the flames. Will smiles happily. He would bond with Hannibal, only to take away his dreams from him. Just as Hannibal took Abigail away. As Hannibal had taken Will’s sanity away. He would take everything. He tells himself this is why he must bond with Hannibal.

Chapter 5

Chapter 5

Will watches himself in the mirror, belly rounder than he's used to. He looks at himself from the profile, in awe. For a moment he loses himself in his reflection, placing his hand on his stomach. If he thinks hard enough, and perhaps it's not so difficult to imagine, he can imagine a baby inside of him. A pup, his and Hannibal's. But he knows he's not pregnant. He knows because he's been lying to Hannibal for some time. And yet, at night as Hannibal strokes Will's belly, whispering words of praise to it, Will almost feels pregnant.

It shocks him how much he wants this, that which doesn't exist.

It terrifies him that he wants to carry the child of the Chesapeake Ripper.

Will quickly pulls on a shirt, hiding his stomach. He splashes his face with water, telling himself dwelling on this fantasy would do him no good. It was a fault of his omega secondary sex. Something which he could not avoid, this inconvenient want of children. He makes himself forget that he'd never had the impulse, the desire to have children before this little play he's been writing between him and Hannibal. It's a nice play, part fairytale and part tragedy. Sealed with a violent, sloppy kiss.

He forgets this morning to put on the cologne, lost in his thoughts. He leaves the bottle unscrewed next to the sink, the scent of pregnant omega wafting in the air.

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Hannibal invites Alana over for dinner, a reconciliation of their friendship. He doesn't feel terrible for the way their relationship ended, not even guilty. What was troubling Hannibal was the loss of an intelligent friend, someone he enjoyed having conversations with. Alana was useful to him in this way, that and to have another connection to the FBI. It didn't hurt that he also served her his homemade beer which she lapped up with joy. He was delighted to find that his guests unknowingly enjoyed the taste of human flesh as he did, Alana included.

"You and Will are still together?" Alana asks him, worried.

Hannibal nods. "I'm sorry you had to find out the way you did. It was, in some ways, quite spontaneous. If it weren't the case that Will and I were true mates, I wouldn't have acted as I had."

Alana nods, understanding. "We were together as comfort for our mutual loss of a friend. I never expected it to last." She takes a long sip of her beer, licking the foam off of her lip after setting the beer down. "Something's changed about Will. About you, too"

Hannibal smiles then. He remembers the night, well.

Hannibal smiles, placing a hand over the soft bump of Will's stomach. "Mylimasis," Hannibal whispers. "Would you let me bond with you today?"

Will looks back at Hannibal, his eyes drunk with lust. Hannibal swears he sees a tinge of red in those blue eyes. Will smiles at him and tackles him. "You're mine," Will tells him. "My Ripper."

Hannibal laughs for a moment before he feels Will's teeth sink into his neck. Hannibal hadn't expected this. It was always the Alpha which marked the Omega, never the other way around. "Everyone should know it," Will tells him as he tastes the blood of the Ripper on his lips. "I want everyone to know who you belong to." Will bites down, harder this time and drawing more blood.

Hannibal understands then that Will doesn't want to bond with Hannibal yet. He wants to wait for the appropriate time; Will is not ready to cede his independence to him. Will is not yet ready to give Hannibal his full love. Something is holding Will back. But Hannibal, always willing, allows Will to take this, to mark him.

Hannibal rubs the scar on his neck. "Yes, it has. We haven't told many, but Will is expecting." Hannibal smiles widely as he tells Alana.

Alana's eyes are sad, full of self-pity. At one point, she would have imagined the same with Hannibal. Even though she knew then that they were not meant for each other, this development hurt her. "I'm so happy," she tells him, sincere nevertheless.

"If you'll excuse me, I'll be back in only a moment." Hannibal gets up to use the bathroom, walking to his preferred one in his bedroom.

When he opens the door, the scent of pregnant omega immediately hits his nostrils. Stronger than before. He wonders if Will is here, but when he calls out his name, Will doesn't answer. Hannibal finds this strange and goes to the bathroom apprehensively.

He sees a bottle next to the sink, one that he hadn't seen before. Will had never worn cologne, only the horrid aftershave that he's come to love the scent of. Hannibal reaches out for the bottle and puts it to his nose. He finds the scent overwhelming immediately—but he cannot help the tears that form at his eyes. He cannot stop them from dripping into the bottle. Betrayal surges in his heart, and he dumps the bottle into the sink. Will had been playing him; Will had given him only the idea of a child. Will had never wanted him.

And yet, beyond the hurt was pride. That Will was capable of inflicting such pain, a pain beyond that of murder—Hannibal knew that Will was destined to be with him. Even if Will hadn't realized it yet. Only his mate could ever be capable of twisting Hannibal's heart so.

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Will opens the bedroom door, calling out for Hannibal. “Hannibal, I let Alana go home. She said you’ve been here for some time. Are you alright?” Will knocks on the bathroom door. “Hannibal?”

Hannibal opens the door, smiling at Will. He wouldn’t tell Will he knew of his little secret, yet. Hannibal hides a razor in his left pants pocket, instead. He imagines how he would slice Will’s stomach open, with surgical precision. He would leave Will on the floor, bleeding out. Jack would come, but Hannibal would already be gone, flying off to Europe. Hannibal had it all planned in his mind. A perfect revenge for this betrayal.

Hannibal hugs Will then, a goodbye of sorts. He would miss Will, he knew. But Hannibal also knew there was no choice; he could not fight for a mate that did not want him. He could only make Will see the wrongness of his decision, and this was the only way. Cut and dry, leave Will without a droplet of Hannibal.

“Is something wrong?” Will asks Hannibal, seeing the brokenness on his face.

Will hugs Hannibal then, wrapping his arms around warmly. Hannibal wishes this feeling were real, genuine. “Yes, Will,” Hannibal breathes into Will’s ear. But then, Hannibal inhales Will’s scent, and realizes beyond the faint scent of hormone laced cologne that was leftover from the day before, was some sweet scent peaking through Will’s skin.

It was spicy and warm, similar to heat. But Hannibal knew it immediately. That underneath the chemical fabrication was the real scent of life on Will’s skin. Hannibal places the razor back into his pocket. “I think we should go to the doctor to check on the baby. Something feels wrong.” Hannibal tells him then.

Worried, Will refuses. “No, everything’s fine. I feel fine.”

“I have an unusually good sense of smell. I think we should go now.” Hannibal counters.

Will sees no other option than to follow Hannibal, even if it meant risking his own life. Will sends a text to Jack as they leave, letting Jack know that Hannibal found out Will isn’t pregnant.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

I'm so happy with all of the comments I received for the last chapter. They truly make writing such a pleasant process. I am so happy to see such a positive reaction to this fic. Thank you all! <3

I will try to update again soon.

Chapter 6

Will fidgets in the car awkwardly, debating what to do. He thinks first that he should play it cool, but then realizes that would be wrong. Hannibal would be too suspicious if Will didn't react. Something was wrong with *their* baby. He had to play it off as if it worried him.

"Are you sure something's wrong?" Will questions Hannibal, fear and unease saturating his voice. Hannibal nods. "We need to check."

These are the only words they speak to each other in the car. Hannibal drives quickly through the streets, his gloved hands firmly gripping the steering wheel. The minutes feel like days as they drive, heavy an unmoving. Will feels suffocated in the car, a black behemoth terrorizing the streets. He doesn't look at Hannibal; he can't face him. In the pit of his stomach, he feel ashamed. He'd lied to his mate—no no no, Hannibal was not his mate. He had to remember. He had specifically refused the bonding bite; he avoided that mark as much as possible. But the word mate rang in his mind like a shrill, crying scream. The death of a fictional romance playing sadly in the background. They seemed to be dying in that car, Hannibal and Will, together. To Will it seemed as if this would be the end.

He doesn't remember walking into the clinic, but he finds himself undressed and put into a gown, feet in stirrups like a broodmare. Hannibal sits next to him, his hand holding Will's. He finds it odd that Hannibal is stroking circles into the back of his hand—why should he? He knows that this was a farce, a cruel lie. Yet Hannibal's deep eyes don't shine with held back tears. Hannibal remains stoic, perhaps comforting.

Will's inner omega whispers, *"He's your partner, in everything."* But how could he accept this words? Hannibal was his foe in everything, as well. His hatred of the man ran deep, like a river that eroded the river bed day after day until he found that he couldn't find its end.

He hated Hannibal in a way that made him crave Hannibal every waking morning; that if he didn't find the man to torment in the morning—he would feel lost. Hannibal was his to manipulate, to hurt, to punish. His mind was screaming to him—no one could have him. No one else could have him. The realization is dizzying. The jig was up, Jack would soon have all he needed to take Hannibal in. Even if that meant Hannibal would now devour Will for this betrayal. But Will could not imagine Hannibal behind bars, Jack free on the other end. This was not fitting. Hannibal did not belong to Jack. And Will understand this was a matter of possession, of belonging.

"Hannibal, I need to tell you before the doctor comes," Will blurts out on the table. He stares into Hannibal's eyes, regret swelling in their tumultuous ocean of blue.

"What would that be?" Hannibal asks him then, "my love," he finishes, the words rolling off of his tongue smoothly.

Will could tell, his omega knew. Oh, how it could feel those words. Hannibal did love him in his own way. "I'm," Will inhales, "I lied to you," he manages before hearing a knocking at the door.

"Come in," Hannibal calls to the doctor.

The two men stay silent as the doctor prepares Will's belly with gel. It feels cool on the swollen skin of his stomach. "How far along are we?" the doctor asks him.

"I'm not quite sure," Will says.

But Hannibal knows Will would have to be around twelve weeks along now. He knew the baby would be smaller, in the pit of his stomach. Hannibal had a feeling that fate would make it so; so that Hannibal could see through Will's lie.

"It's a bit difficult to find," the doctor laughs nervously. "I need a second here." The wand moves over his skin, spreading the gel around. And finally, "Ah your uterus must be a bit tilted. Let me go through vaginally."

Will gulps at the words. He knew the doctor would find nothing, and Hannibal would be left heartbroken. "It's quite alright—if you don't find anything. We had a suspicion, but perhaps not."

"It's better to check," the doctor chides. And so, with a wand placed inside Will, uncomfortably shifting through, Will manages a desperate, sad squeak.

"I'm sorry, Hannibal," he whispers quietly so only Hannibal could hear.

And then, miraculously, a baby appears on a once empty screen. The doctor laughs awkwardly. "I think, here it is. Let's hear the heartbeat."

It beats loud quick, shocking Will. Hannibal squeezes Will's hand firmly. "The heartbeat's a bit fast, I would say," Hannibal said. "At least, if memory serves from medical school."

The doctor smiles. “Yes, let me see. Maybe the other one’s hiding.” He shifts the wand a bit, and there behind the first appear two more on the screen. “Triplets! You two are a very luck pair. It’s quite rare in male omega pregnancies. Twins, somewhat more common. But triplets? Almost unheard of. Only in very compatible mates. Astounding,” the doctor announces in awe.

“Compatible mates,” Hannibal repeats, watching Will.

****

Hannibal and Will don’t speak when they return home; they don’t speak to each other for a week. Hannibal quietly set aside a blanket and pillow in the guest room, allowing Will to sleep in their room—but it wasn’t their room. Will tried to tell himself it was Hannibal’s, but it no longer felt so.

He found his hand wandering to his belly more often throughout the day, feeling its firmness beneath a small soft layer. He had thought the extra food had caused it, but perhaps not. It had coincidentally served as fuel for his growing children. The Ripper’s children.

In the media, would they be called monsters? Will wonders. It wasn’t until eight days later that Will attempted to talk to Hannibal, who only nodded through his words. The silence saddened Will. Was he only keeping Will until the children arrived?

At the end of the day, when his attempts became futile, only then could Will question him honestly. “Do you plan on killing me?” Will asks. “Am I prisoner here?”

“You are free to go whenever you wish,” Hannibal responds, his nose buried in a leather-bound book.

Will, unsatisfied, climbs onto Hannibal lap, straddling him. “If I report to Jack, the basement, your fridge. If I were to send him a sample and run off with your children?”

“You were always free to do as you wish. Faking a pregnancy, included. This one’s unwanted by you, after all.” Hannibal responds, setting his book down. “I am not here to control you, dear Will. I only meant to guide you and love you. You were not receptive to either, it seems.”

Will wraps his hands around Hannibal’s neck then, gripping. “And if I were to kill you with my bare hands instead of letting them have you?” Will threatens, tears falling from his eyes. “If I were to leave your cold, limp, lifeless body on the floor? What then?” He is unsatisfied. He wishes for Hannibal to fight back, to react. And yet he sits there, defeated. That is not the man he's come to fall for. That is not the man that twists passion into him. This man is heartbreak.

“I’d let you,” Hannibal manages, strained. “You have me. That is your wish, however you like. I’ve been caught in your snare. Congratulations, Agent Graham.”

Chapter 7

Chapter 7

“ I’d let you,” Hannibal manages, strained. “You have me. That is your wish, however you like. I’ve been caught. Congratulations, Agent Graham.”

The words startle Will, who wants Hannibal to react. To fight, to punish, to argue. But Hannibal is a stoic man, now on the verge of anti-stoicism, complete inaction. He leaves the choice up to Will, who can’t move one foot to either side of the line: betray Hannibal or betray himself. Could he happily join Hannibal, to live in his world with fervor and ecstasy? Could he happily abandon the wicked fantasy that he brewed in his head, of a life with Hannibal far from Baltimore and Jack, the FBI and suspicion?

Will opens his mouth first, then closes it. He looks into Hannibal’s eyes, searching. The fire that once burned so brightly is turned black as night, extinguished. “No, I lost,” Will responds, his voice cracking. “I lost you.”

Hannibal clenches his teeth, keeping Will on his lap. “We all make choices. These choices have consequences.” Hannibal brings his hand to Will’s cheek, stroking it tenderly. “You should leave before I change my mind,” Hannibal finally concludes.

Will nods, mindlessly. He leaves Hannibal’s lap, his body heavy. He doesn’t pack the clothes that he’s left in Hannibal’s home; he doesn’t manage to say goodbye. He walks through the door as if he’s a ghost floating into the afterlife, watching his regrets from the other side of the veil.

When the door closes, Hannibal doesn’t stand until minutes have passed, he knows that Will’s heavy footsteps have taken him elsewhere. He knows in a few hours Jack would come knocking on his door, and Hannibal would be waiting. He lets the tears flow down his face now, his eyes red from the broken capillaries of heartbreak.

****

When Will reaches Jack’s office, he wonders if he should turn back? His hand firmly grips the doorknob, his inner Omega coiling at the thought of betraying his alpha. But Hannibal was never his, he was never Hannibal’s. He’d never allowed it, his neck now unmarked. He strokes the barren spot with sadness, but opens the door, looking at the floor.

“Will,” Jack spits out. “Not enough evidence? The evidence points elsewhere now? What was this for? We had him!” Jack shouts, his face scrunching up in fury.

“I can’t participate in your investigation anymore, Jack.” Will shakes his head.

"Was the FBI wrong to let you out? Now what will you be, a co-conspirator? Go down for aiding and abetting? Is that what you really want? We had a common goal in this, Will." Jack stands from his desk, walking over and closing the door behind Will. He guides Will towards the chair in front of the desk, and forces him to sit. "If you go back on this, you will go down with Hannibal."

"I'm pregnant Jack," Will manages to finally tell him, the words sounding unbelievable as they escape his mouth.

"So I'm the one who's been played. Is this an admission of guilt Will?" Jack reaches for his phone. "The mate of the Ripper here to confess."

Will clenches his teeth. "It was an accident, a minute possibility I didn't account for," Will spits out. "I didn't want this. It's complicated, things."

"You've botched the evidence."

Will nods, "We were beyond our reach. There's no official evidence to be botched."

Jack hits the desk with his fist. "Get out!"

Will doesn't hesitate when he leaves. He wanders the halls aimlessly afterwards, unsure of where to go. Alana walks passed him, and he pretends as if he hasn't seen her. He doesn't need this, now. But Alana doubles back, chasing after him when he doesn't respond to her calling his name. What Hannibal had seen in her—he couldn't understand. But this was a small jealousy inspired by the pregnancy hormones.

"Is everything alright?" Alana asks Will, wrapping her hand around his upper arm.

Will purses his lips, putting a hand to his forehead. "Ah, I'm not really in the mood for sharing."

"Please. You're crying," she tells him. "Are you and Hannibal alright."

"I don't know," Will tells her.

She stares at the empty bond site on his neck, her eyes sympathetic. "He's forgiving."

Will nods. "You won't see me around here much longer. I handed in my badge. I'll teach still, but I won't be floating by Jack's office."

Alana furrows her brow. "Why?"

Will places a hand on the curve of his stomach. "We have to make choices," he responds. "These choices have consequences."

****

Hannibal stands when he hears the door open, a knife placed carefully behind his belt. His shoes removed and placed neatly in the closet, he soundlessly traverses across the parquet floor. He grips him from behind, his hand holding a knife to the neck.

"Hannibal," Will chokes out, the knife barely cutting into his neck. "Please."

Hannibal, come to his senses, take the knife away from Will's neck and guides him into the kitchen. Without thinking, he immediately removes a first-aid kit from the drawer, his alpha instinct commanding him to protect the mother of his children.

"It stings," Will manages as Hannibal disinfects the wound.

"Did you come to watch Jack apprehend me?" Hannibal asks bitterly. "I would offer you a glass of wine, but my obligation as a physician commands me to protect a pregnant omega."

"And your children," Will adds. He shakes his head, watching Hannibal place band-aid over the cut.

"Have you decided to keep them?" Hannibal asks, hope tinging his voice.

Will inhales, watching Hannibal's eyes soften. "Jack has no evidence, for now. I gave him my formal resignation. We'll talk over dinner?"

****

Will blinks, staring at Hannibal on the couch, the pendulum swinging before his eyes. In Hannibal's design, in each and every one, Will always comes back to him. He shudders at the heaviness of the air in the room. Would Hannibal let Will betray him?

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 8

Hannibal holds Will onto his lap, not letting Will leave despite his words. He wishes he could release his grip, allow Will to escape. But it was against his nature, against that impulse deep within him that commands him how to breathe and move.

And Will doesn't move, his omega won't let him. Pregnant with triplet and dripping with slick, Will lowers his lips over Hannibal's and presses a deep kiss into his mouth, claiming those blood red lips as if he were possessed by the very animalistic desire that commanded their dangerous union. He deepens the kiss, his heart thumping against his chest.

Hannibal doesn't move first, allowing Will to take control. He buries his hands into Will's curls, pulling ever so slightly. It elicits a delicious moan from his wanton omega. If Will could mewl for him and desire him as he does, he knew—Hannibal knows that there's only one thing he could do that would prevent Will from ever running away from him.

He strips Will of his garments quickly and takes of his own pants, revealing his throbbing cock. He doesn't hesitate to shove it into Will's needy, warm hole and thrusts upward as if to tell Will that he belongs to him. Will could be no less.

Will grunts as he feels Hannibal's thick member slide into him violently—like pure destruction—Will orgasms at the sheer feel of his cock, his walls tightening around Hannibal. He begins to thrust slowly on top of Hannibal, biting into his lip and releasing blood. Hannibal bites back, tasting the sweet nectar of Will.

He nibbles down Will's neck, until his mouth hovers over Will's mating site. He doesn't ask now, nor should he. Will had every opportunity to leave, and he chose not to. He knows who and what Hannibal is, and yet he stays.

And so, Hannibal bites down harshly on Will's neck, Will yelping out in ecstasy and defiance. Will doesn't know if he wants to be claimed, but he allows Hannibal because in that moment his omega surrenders to the only alpha it would ever allow to claim him.

"Hannibal," Will cries as Hannibal comes into Will, his knot swelling larger than ever before.

Hannibal stares at Will, his neck and face bruised and bleeding, he finds beauty in the sight of his claimed omega. Hannibal's own battered and bleeding lip sore, he places a kiss to Will's forehead, pressing the swollen buds into his warm skin.

****

Afterwards, Will chooses to remain far from Hannibal. He stays in the bedroom while Hannibal cooks dinner and reads in the library. He stares t his palms which no longer appear to be his, and he wanders what he's turned into. Will couldn't deny it: this is what he wanted.

To be the mate of the Chesapeake Ripper.

He lets hot tears slide down his cheeks, burying his head in his knees. He looks up only when Hannibal enters the bedroom, a tray in hand. Beautifully decorated, the plate looks appealing and delicious. He sets it on the bed and sits across from Will. He takes Will's hand into his own, stroking it with his thumb delicately.

Will clenches his teeth and pulls his hand away, disgusted with the flutters it sent through his stomach. Hannibal looks at him with sadness pooling in his ebony eyes. Hannibal knows that Will isn't angry or disgusted with him; Will is disappointed in himself for succumbing to his most base of urges.

Hannibal stands to leave, giving him space. This is what Will needs, Hannibal believes.

"Don't," Will chokes out.

Hannibal sits back down and takes a piece of endive and spoons into it a chicken filling. He feeds it to Will with his hand, watching his mate chew and nourish their children. Will's heart swells with the protection and nurture that Hannibal provides to him, realizing that his strong alpha would provide him with care no matter what. Only Hannibal could deal with Will's erratic, wild emotion. And only Will could tame Hannibal's cold a callous façade.

"I took a risk in mating you," Hannibal admits.

Will nods, taking another bite of his food. This was true; Hannibal was now fully tied to Will and Will to Hannibal. Neither could survive without the other. "You didn't ask my permission," Will states boldly.

"Was it unwanted?" he questions, raising his brow.

"No," Will whispers into his food. "That's the problem."

"Matters of the heart aren't simple."

"Relationships should be simple. A complicated relationship is a sign of dysfunction," Will counters. "What would the good psychiatrist advise?"

"To follow one's heart, unless it means hurting yourself or someone else," Hannibal admits. "But the good psychiatrist would also advise not denying yourself what you know is good for you."

"You think that you're good for me?" Will laughs. "You?"

“We find the best in the most unexpected places. A cruel joke of fate, perhaps.”

“Do you prescribe to fate?” Will spits.

“I take it in my hands,” Hannibal utters, his voice low.

****

Will finds himself begging for Hannibal in the coming days, presenting on the floor, the kitchen counter, their bedroom. He doesn’t feel shame in these days, but pure hunger. He allows Hannibal to press kisses into every inch of his skin, he lets Hannibal caress his bump with his large hands, and he gives into every whisper Hannibal places into his ear.

He begs for Hannibal to thrust into him harder, breed him again if he could—if it were possible. He adores Hannibal the days after their mating, when the hormones and attachment settles in. He feels like a pitiful putty morphing and melting in Hannibal’s grasp, but he revels in the ecstasy of it. He wants to be ripped apart and put back together as Hannibal makes love to him.

“Marry me, let’s leave,” Will finally screams one night through a powerful orgasm. “Please. Let’s leave it all behind.”

Hannibal smiles into Will’s neck, scenting him as they lay bare on the sheets. “We’ll make it official over dinner tomorrow,” Hannibal promises.

The daze of the bonding and hormones begins to fall as Will realizes what exactly he had asked for, trembling in Hannibal’s arms from satisfaction and terror.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, the ortolans, similar to canon.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Freddie Lounds invites Will over for a chat.

They don't speak of it the next day as promised. Instead, Will returns to Wolf Trap, Virginia to give himself space, room to breathe. He finds his emotions startling, concerning even. He almost thinks Hannibal will come for him in Wolf Trap, but realizes his intuition is wrong. Hannibal would instead lie in wait in his home. He would wait for Will to return of his own volition. Hannibal is tired of cat-and-mouse games and back-and-forth decisions. Hannibal needs full compliance and no less. Will understands this when Hannibal doesn't come the day after he's packed his bags. It chills him to his bones, knowing that Hannibal is confident that Will would return to him. Perhaps irrationally confident.

Will smooths a hand over his swollen belly and sighs. He stares at his answering machine, knowing that Freddie Lounds had left him a message to talk about himself. Jack had organized a rouse, one that Freddie Lounds still thought she was very much a part of. She didn't know that it's now fallen apart. Even so, Will knows that she doesn't want to talk about him. She would prefer to talk about the Chesapeake Ripper.

****

Freddie Lounds is a blood-sucking leach, or perhaps worse. A tape worm that lays its eggs within you, and you don't know it until you're too late. And suddenly all there are, are tape worms. In your stomach, your liver, your brain. Freddie Lounds is a tape worm. Yes, Will concludes. A disgusting parasite to society. Even so, he sits across from her, fidgeting.

A smile spreads across her face as she stares at the distinct bump on his abdomen. "An omega?" she asks, leaning forward. "I never would have taken you for an omega."

Will laughs bitterly, "I wouldn't either. You lack certain nurturing caring qualities omegas possess."

"Projecting, are we?" she asks, raising an eyebrow. She inhales sharply before pressing record on her machine. "Let's talk Chesapeake Ripper. Frederick Chilton. Who knew?"

"Who knew," Will repeats flatly.

"No one did. Nobody would. Not even you. You were so certain the Chesapeake Ripper was Hannibal Lecter, you tried to kill him," Freddie continues aggressively.

“You neglected to say “allegedly,”” Will elaborates, realizing that perhaps it was a mistake to talk to Freddie. He wonders if it’s better he does, though. The news would trickle down to Jack, who’d maybe gain the faintest sense that Hannibal isn’t the Ripper. After all, why would Will Graham talk to Freddie Lounds about the Ripper if the Ripper is his mate?

“No, I didn't. Dr. Lecter's your psychiatrist again. What's up with that?”

“I was wrong about him. That's what's up with that,” Will counters, grinding his teeth.

“Maybe you were. Maybe you weren't,” Freddie replies nonchalantly.

“Chilton was the Chesapeake Ripper,” Will reminds her, inhaling.

They continue on like that, Hannibal, Chilton, Hannibal, Chilton… On and on. Freddie’s realized something, perhaps her bloodhound nose has stuck itself in a place it shouldn’t have. Will sees red in front of him. Eventually Freddie turns off the recording machine, showing it to Will.

“Off the record,” she begins.

“Nothing with you is off the record.”

“Entertain me,” Freddie breathes. “You are sleeping with him. I was just guessing, by the bump. Figured you had to be sleeping with Lecter. Don’t think you really wanted this to happen, the kids. It happened. Maybe that’s why you can’t see it anymore.”

“I’m not having this conversation with you, Freddie,” Will tells her as he stands from his chair.

“Hannibal Lecter has had four patients die while under his care. Three former patients die after his care.”

“Patients die. Medicine is not fool proof. People die all of the time. It’s random lack of luck. Maybe you’ve seen too much, and now all you can see is murder and conspiracy everywhere,” Will offers her before turning towards the door.

“Or maybe what you understand is that if you can’t beat Dr. Lecter, join him…” Freddie manages to squeeze in just before the door closes. She knows that Will’s heard every word.

****

Randall Tier. Hannibal can’t deny that he’d thought about it before. When Will leaves, he debates sending Tier after him. He knows that it would endanger the life of his children. He goes against his baser instincts, and instead opts to do the next best thing. If Hannibal’s honest with himself, he’s experiencing a kind of lovesickness that would destroy him. He lets it.

The plan is simple. He murders Tier and plants the body parts in Will's freezer in Wolf Trap. Will is a heavy sleeper and his dogs know his scent. They don't bark when Hannibal opens the door to Will's shed. The next step is to plant a seed for Freddie Lounds to pay a visit to Will. He knew that Will had gone to see her—how couldn't he? Hannibal had a way of knowing things, birds planted everywhere to hear whatever might interest him. The rest of the plan is left up to Will. Hannibal tells himself that Will will act in a certain way if he's nudged a bit.

So Hannibal nudges.

****

Will Graham's dogs know what Freddie Lounds smells like. To them she smells like spoiled meat, a person gone wrong. They bark that day, and Will can't get them to calm down. He tells himself, at first, that it's because he's left them with Alana for so long that they've come to miss him. When the continue barking despite his attention, he runs out of the house and to the shed whose door is slightly ajar.

He sees the human jaw in the bag, and anger builds up within him. He knows immediately how it's been placed there. This is not the first time Hannibal would try to frame him. But this wasn't framing. This was something else. The pendulum threatens to swing before his eyes, but he wills it away as he pulls Freddie Lounds away from the freezer. She reaches for the revolver in her bag, pointing it at him. Will takes a step back.

"There really is a very good explanation for all of this," Will tells her calmly.

"I don't want to hear it," Freddie counters, readying herself to shoot.

Will takes a step closer. "You're not the least bit curious?" Will asks her, a smile on his face.

"Get away from the door."

"I can't let you go, Freddie. Not without hearing what I have to say. I know you're scared. Only have to be scared just a little bit longer. Give me the gun," Will swallows as he reaches out.

"I can't do that, Graham."

"You're right about Hannibal," Will finally admits. "I need the gun if you want to hear the rest."

Freddie inhales slowly before nodding. Will takes the gun from her hand carefully and places it in his back pocket, reaching for his phone after and carefully, blindly, pressing speed dial for Hannibal's number. He's memorized the motions for whenever he should need it. He lowers the volume on his phone. "I need to sit, so let me take you inside."

"One wrong step and I'll call Jack Crawford," Freddie tells him. "And it won't matter what you have to say then."

Will nods, “I’m a victim in this. More than you know.”

****

Will sits in his chair, Freddie across from him. Silence is a third guest to their party, unwelcome but still there. It dominates the conversation at first.

When Will finally finds the words, and Freddie allows him time, he opens his mouth to speak. “You were right. I didn’t want the children.” Will lowers his shirt collar to reveal his bond mark.

“Children?” Freddie asks. “Did Hannibal Lecter force you?”

Will purses his lips, looking away. “I hid my omega status successfully for years. When Jack Crawford called on me, I never imagined my disguise would fall. A beta. A strange beta. That was a better life. Back then. And then, slowly Hannibal realized what I was. He let Jack know, when I was incarcerated. It was to get me better conditions, separate me from the other inmates. Hannibal always felt protective of me. And now, from beyond bars, he was showing me just how much. He thought of himself as my Alpha,” Will tells her.

“You knew he was the Chesapeake Ripper before this.”

Will shakes his head. “We courted each other, until he thought it was too dangerous. Framed me and then regretted it. Even the Chesapeake Ripper can’t choose who he loves. So when he resurrected the Ripper and I was released, I knew I could use this against him. I wanted a confession from him that I could use in court. Who would doubt his mate?”

“You never planned on bonding or having children though,” Freddie continues.

“Accidents happen. It’s put me in a sticky situation,” Will tells her. “An unwilling mate to a pure psychopath. Do you know what it does to a bond to hurt your other mate? It feels like it’s killing you, two hands tearing you apart in the middle,” Will lets himself cry in front of her. “This is ripping me in half.”

Once again, the dogs don’t bark as Hannibal enters the home. Will watches the floor before lifting his head; Hannibal’s wearing scent blockers but the faintest scent of Hannibal remains. One that only Will can sense, due to pregnancy heightening his senses.

“Hannibal,” Will shudders, scooting his chair backwards.

Freddie stands, going for the gun in her bag, before remembering that she’d given it to Will. Will shoots, over and over, the bullets piercing Freddie’s flesh. She falls to the floor with a heavy thud, and Hannibal watches him with pride in his eyes.

Freddie’s still breathing on the ground when Will leans over her, and he places a hand over her mouth. “It’s rude to stick your nose in other people’s business,” Will tells her before pinching her nostrils. He watches as she suffocates underneath him.

“We will have to hide the body,” Hannibal tells him.

“We should burn it,” Will counters. The pendulum swings in front of his eyes. “You would use her tongue as a bookmark. Her hands in a stew, for writing all those dirty little words. So little truth…” Will licks his lips. “You’re self-satisfied.”

“How do you feel, Will?”

“Wonderful,” Will answers, turning to Hannibal with bright red eyes. “We’ll have to finally have that dinner.

“Of course,” Hannibal whispers, placing a hand on Will’s soft cheek.

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal have dinner

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal and Will sit across from each other at Hannibal's dinner table. The air between them is heavy, filled with lust and danger. Neither is sure of what the other Will do next. Hannibal, proud of his mate, doesn't know where his mind will take him next. Would his mate continue down this path, or make a sharp turn in the other direction?

Will, not taking his eyes away from Hannibal, inhales sharply. The air smells of blood and death, though there are no dead bodies there. It's as if Hannibal's aura had absorbed the carnage and turned it into an intoxicating perfume. Will wonders if he can trust Hannibal to nurse his bolstering mind, if he can trust Hannibal to walk with him down this bath.

On the table are two plates, gently cooked lungs in red wine reduction decorated daintily with flowers. Hannibal begins cutting into the meat, taking the first bite. He chews slowly, the pieces of meat melting in his mouth. The swallow is loud, intentionally so. It's a symbol of an end, and a new beginning.

"Ding dong the witch is dead," Hannibal breathes, smiling.

Will follows his lead, feeling the soft kicks of his pups in his stomach. Freddie Lounds goes down his throat as smoothly as butter. The ease is at which is consumes her is almost shocking to him. But, he cannot deny that this haughty hog is delicious. The richness of her meat is a delicacy that Will would treasure. Hannibal had brought him to it—to hunt her, procure her. Had it been before, Will would say that it was Hannibal's fault he killed Freddie Lounds.

But this is now.

And now, it is Hannibal's achievement. His brilliant guidance that led Will to this fate. Will cannot look back on life as it had once been, when this new life is emerging. It smells of opportunity and power, and these sensations vibrate through Will like bolts of electricity.

"If I knew, I would have poured water on her sooner," Will quips. "But here we are."

"Here we are," Hannibal repeats. "Where is that, for you, Will?" His words come out slowly, carefully crafted. He mustn't push too far nor too little.

“A crossroads. I could end it here, and call Jack. Confess to him the murder of Freddie Lounds and implicate you in the process. From there, they will find the Chesapeake Ripper lurking behind your face mask.” Will takes a long sip of his water, letting silence capture them purposefully. “Then again, I could choose you.” He places a hand on his round stomach as if to settle his growing pups.

“I cannot leave my family behind,” Hannibal reminds him. “Though I would prefer you to be a willing participant.”

Will inhales sharply, mulling around his head for a response. He contemplates extending their game, showing an upper hand over Hannibal. He would certainly be more malleable now to Will’s desires; pregnant with his three pups and newly reborn from the kill. His heart sinks at the thought—of toying with Hannibal. He rubs his hand over the side of his neck, the scar of their bond mark hot against Will’s fingertips. “We will have to give up a great deal,” Will begins.

“I’ve already given up so much of myself wanting you,” Hannibal reminds him, taking another bite.

Will follows his lead, continuing to eat the meal. Several bites in, Will notices a hardness beneath his knife, one that he cannot cut through. He pulls it out with the knife and fork, finding it unusual that Hannibal would not perfectly clean the meat. From it appears a ring crafted from platinum and bone, glimmering brilliant and reflecting the red of the sauce.

“Would you take me, as I am, for the rest of your life?” Hannibal asks then, kneeling at Will’s side.

Will hadn’t noticed Hannibal had stood from his chair, nor had he heard the soft playing of Chopin in the background. Hannibal takes Will’s hands into his own and kisses his knuckles. “I would give up my home, my harpsichord, my stature, and my life—everything I have spent decades building, just for a chance to live out the rest of my days with you. Would you have me, Will?”

There are no ambiguities or doubts flitting about Will’s mind, clouding his thoughts. With Hannibal on his knees before him, Will knows without uncertainty, what he wants. It had taken him time, too much perhaps, to see it. Looking at his mate, Will cannot deny that there is no life without Hannibal, only the solitude of loneliness almost like death.

“I would have you no other way,” Will responds quietly. “We need to leave; they will find out Freddie is missing.”

Hannibal nods, placing the red stained ring on Will’s finger. “Mylimasis,” he breathes, bringing Will in for a kiss.

****

When Jack arrives at Hannibal’s home, the door is left unlocked. The furniture is left, though covered in white blankets. He breathes in the sent of the home, the faintest remnants of Will and Hannibal remaining in the air. He doesn’t have to walk through it to

know that they are not there. Even so, he walks into the home, not bothering to turn the lights on.

Freddie Lounds, lasting having seen Will Graham has been missing for three days. When Jack got the call, he knew immediately where she would be. Yet, she hadn't been found at Will Graham's home. He half expected Hannibal and Will to be waiting for him there, like two lions waiting for the pounce.

The Lecter home, which he had walked into so many times before, is now a large and ostentatious specter which taunts him with a creak at his every footstep. The home is an ugly testament to the deranged and cruel in which Hannibal Lecter surrounds himself by. Jack nearly vomits at the thought of the dinner he ate here, so many months ago.

He breathes in a single shaky breath in the dining room, Mona Lisa staring back at him on the dining table. Her daunting smile is a laugh, a mockery. Jack would shout, but there is no purpose in it. Freddie Lounds is elevated to a crude joke, nothing more. Hannibal is laughing at him now, wherever he and Will had run off to. Jack wonders if Will is laughing, too?

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 11

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The sea breeze is cool on their skin as they sit at the beach, their three children running about in the sand. The children's laughter is loud, boisterous—something Hannibal had never quite imagined before. That his children would be loud. For all intents and purposes, Hannibal and Will's children seem normal. At least thus far. They smile, they laugh, the play. Hannibal sighs in contentment, wondering what the future would bring for their family.

Will settles in Hannibal's arms on the blanket the lay upon, sighing in deeply as he takes in the scent of his mate. Of his husband. Their gold bands shine in the sunlight. They've been in southern France for just over three years. Will feels the pressure of needing to leave, to find another safe home. It hurts to know that they would leave this life behind, by the beach with so few worries. But their safety is more important, especially now.

Jack Crawford is close. Chiyoh, Hannibal's ward, has kept an eye on him. He's in Paris now, searching. It's been months since Hannibal and Will have made a trip there, as a result. It strains Hannibal to be so removed from the high society that lies there, the museums, the opera. So, they must move, where they can live the particular lifestyle that Hannibal has become accustomed to.

But not only this.

Will takes Hannibal's hand and places it on his stomach, rounder now than before. He'd been avoiding it for some time, letting Hannibal touch him there. Instead, he always made excuses—three children are so much to handle, the triplets want me to sleep in their room with them, the dog, the cat, the everything. But now, he wants Hannibal to know. The timing is wrong, but Will has no control over it. He has very little control when it comes to Hannibal, in any case.

Hannibal lets out a small gasp at the roundness of Will's stomach, hidden underneath his large shirt. He strokes it carefully, pressing a kiss into the back of Will's head. "You must be cursing me."

"Daily," Will sighs. "I can't help but think you did this on purpose. You like seeing me a certain way."

"I can't deny that there's something appealing about seeing you full of my children. Round and beautiful."

"We have to leave soon."

"We can delay it, if you want to have our child here," Hannibal offers instead.

“No. I’d rather be somewhere Jack isn’t looking.”

“I could take care of Uncle Jack.” Hannibal begins pressing butterfly kisses to the back of Will’s neck. “We would be able to stay here a bit longer, before someone retraces Jack’s steps.”

“We’ve discussed this before.”

“Not yet.”

Will nods, taking Hannibal’s hand and kissing the back of it. “Not yet.”

***

The seasons have changed and their home with it. Will crosses the threshold, five months pregnant. He’d never imagined a life like this. As Hannibal Lecter’s mate. As a pregnant omega. And yet, here he is, pregnant a second time. He can’t see he’s averse to it. His life is nice—large home, doting Alpha, healthy children…

Morocco is good for them. Hannibal speaks French daily, learning Arabic whenever he has a spare moment away from the piano. Will chooses to take no job, yet. He will, after their child is born. They have three boys, and Hannibal suspects that it’s yet another boy. Will thinks otherwise, rubbing circles into his tummy where the baby kicks.

“Mischa,” he calls her. “calm down. Papa would be so angry to know that you keep me awake.”

Hannibal steps into the hallway, eyeing Will carefully, “Mischa?”

“I hope you don’t mind.”

“You are wonderful, darling,” Hannibal says, scooping Will up into his arms, and carrying him to their bedroom. “Would if I could, I’d put another one in you right now.”

“We can practice for next time,” Will laughs.

****

With the children attending primary school now, Will and Hannibal have a moment to breathe. Their boys: Markus, Leon, and Nikolai already show an aptitude for academics. Mischa had just entered her first year of school. They hadn’t had any more children after her. Will wanted to, and they had tried, but Will had been too old. He still has heats, but they’re no longer fertile. Hannibal doesn’t mind it—he’s amazed at the family he’s been gifted.

This is why, nine years after leaving Baltimore, Hannibal decides that later has come. He leaves their home in the night, allowing Will to sleep. He leaves Will a note telling him he would return later—he knows that Will would immediately assume he is going to hunt. For them.

Hannibal plans every moment meticulously, traveling to the city. He enters a hostel that's off the beaten bath and smells of cardamom and honey. The vibrations of the air let him know—that certain aura of hatred and vendetta that fumes from Jack Crawford. It permeates the atmosphere.

He charms the omega at the desk. "Hello, dear," Hannibal breathes smoothly.

"How can I assist you?"

"My good friend Jack Crawford has a room here."

She purses her lips. "We like to ensure the privacy of our guests."

Hannibal leans forward, smiling. "Which you are doing very well. I haven't seen him in many years. I wanted to surprise him. He wasn't expecting me until later."

She nods, smiling hesitantly. "I could call?"

"Tell him to come by the desk? Don't mention me. I want to see the look on his face. It's been almost a decade."

Laughing, she picks up the phone.

****

When Jack's enters into the lobby, he doesn't react. He looks Hannibal up and down, older now. He's let his hair grey, longer now. His more wrinkled face still exudes pure elegance, though he is softer now. His smile is more inviting. But his eyes betray him, filled with bloodlust.

"Hello, Jack."

"Long time no see," he smiles, stepping closer to Hannibal.

Hannibal extends his hand. Their handshake is firm and icy.

"Shall we?"

"After you."

They walk through the bustling center of Marrakech, blending in with the crowd. Despite the noise, they are bathed in silence. Jack had thought so many times of what he would say to Hannibal, of what he would do. Never once did he think that Hannibal would come to him. So, he faces forward, silent.

Hannibal lets the silence seep into Jack's bones, a poison. When enough time passes, Hannibal brings Jack away from the crowd. They stand across from each other, Hannibal smirking.

"Here on unofficial business?" Hannibal offers.

“It’s official to me.” Jack inhales sharply. “You took your mask off and ran away. After so many years of hiding.”

“I’ve never hidden. I’ve always shown you who I was, in my own way.”

“The jokes aren’t so funny anymore.”

“Ah, a pity.”

****

When Will returns from dropping Mischa off, Hannibal is already in the kitchen—creating. He doesn’t cook. It’s something more. The smell of wine is thick in the air. Hannibal appears in the foyer, smiling at Will.

“Your timing is impeccable.”

“We had a conversation about hunting.”

“Don’t you care to know what I’m making?” Hannibal teases, walking back to the kitchen. Will follows.

“Should we start packing?”

“Not yet. We’ll enroll the children somewhere in Buenos Aires. I haven’t been in so long. I think you’ll enjoy it.”

Will leans over to watch Hannibal uncover the lid of the pot, smoke rising from it. “Is it?”

“Braised beef heart. For you. Everything is for you, my love.”

When Will sees the heart in the pot, he knows whose it is. He purrs out in satisfaction, his inner omega pleased with his alpha. Will had avoided it for so long, but now that Hannibal has done this for him--out of love--he knows it is right. He knows they will leave in the next few hours, after the children return from school, and that they would constantly be on the run. As long as he has his family by his side, it doesn't matter much to him. All those years ago, planning on capturing Hannibal Lecter, he never would have thought he would be here with him now.

Two glasses of wine already poured and waiting for them next to the stove, Will reaches for one. Hannibal smiles, taking the other.

“To happy endings, and even happier beginnings,” Hannibal whispers, leaning in as they clink their glasses.

End Notes

For another one of my A/B/O Hannigram fics, check out 'Portraits!

Or for more Hannigram (post-fall): check out 'Anew'!

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